Northum. Why that is spoken like a toward prince,

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Royall commaunders be in readinesse,
For with a band of fiftie thousand men,
Comes *Warwike* backing of the Duke of *Yorke*.
And in the townes whereas they passe along,
Proclaimes him king, and manie flies to him,
Prepare your battels, for they be at hand.

Clif. I would your highnesse would depart the field,
The *Queene* hath best successe when you are absent.

Quee. Do good my Lord, and leaue vs to our fortunes.

King. Why thats my fortune, therefore Ile stay still.

Clif. Be it with resolution then to fight.

Prince. Good father cheere these noble Lords,
Vnsheath your sword, sweet father crie Saint *George*.

Clif. Pitch we our battell heere, for hence wee will not moue.

Enter the house of *Yorke*.

Edward. Now periurde *Henrie* wilt thou yeelde thy crowne,
And kneele for mercie at thy soueraignes feete?

Queen. Go rate thy minions proud insulting boy,
Becomes it thee to be thus male pert,
Before thy king and lawfull soueraigne?

Edw. I am his king, and he should bend his knee,
I was adopted heire by his consent.

George. Since when he hath broke his oath.
For as we heare you that are king
Though he doe weare the Crowne,
Haue causde him by new act of Parlement
To blot our brother out, and put his owne son in.

Clif.

Clif. And reason *George*. Who should succeede the father but the son?

Rich. Are you their butcher?

Clif. I *Crookbacke*, here I stand to answere thee, or any of your sort.

Rich. Twas you that kild yong *Rutland*, was it not?

Clif. Yes, and old *Yorke* too, and yet not satisfide.

Rich. For Gods sake Lords giue synald to the fight.

War. What saiest thou *Henry*? wilt thou yeelde thy crowne?

Queen. What, long tongde *War.* dare you speake?
When you and *I* met at saint *Albones* last,
Your legs did better seruice than your hands.

War. I, then twas my turne to flee, but now tis thine.

Clif. You said so much before, and yet you fled.

War. Twas not your valour *Clifford*, that droue mee thence.

Northum. No, nor your manhood *Warwike*, that could make you staie.

Rich. *Northumberland*, *Northumberland*, wee holde
Thee reuerentlie. Breake off the parlie, for scarse
I can refraine the execution of my big swolne
Hart, against that *Clifford* there, that
Cruell child-killer.

Clif. Why I kild thy father, calst thou him a child?

Rich. I like a villaine, and a trecherous coward,
As thou didst kill our tender brother *Rutland*.
But ere sunne set Ile make thee curse the deed.

King. Haue doone with wordes great Lordes, and Heare me speake.

Queen. Defie them then, or else hold close thy lips.

King.

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